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# A D D R E S S

TO THE

## D E I L.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

WITH THE

## A N S W E R.

BY JOHN LAUDERDALE,

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## A D D R E S S

TO THE

## D R E L.



O THOU! whatever tittle suit thee,  
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,  
 Who in you cavern grim and footie,  
 Clos'd under hatches,  
 Spairges about the bremstane cootie,  
 To scaud poor wretches!  
 Fear me, auld Hangie for a wee,  
 An' let poor damned bodies be;  
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,  
 Ev'n to a diel,  
 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,  
 An' hear us squeel!  
 Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;  
 Far kend an' noted is thy name;  
 An' though yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,  
 Thou travels far;  
 An' faith! thou's neither lag no: lame,  
 Nor blate nor scar.  
 Whyles ranging like a roaring lion,  
 For pry, a' holes an' corners trying,  
 Whyles on the strong wing'd tempest flyin,  
 Tirling the kirks,  
 Whyles in the human body pryin',  
 Unseen thou lurks.  
 I've heard my reverand Grannie say,  
 In lonely glens ye like to stay,  
 Or where auld ruin'd castles lay,  
 Nod to the moon,

Ye fright the nightly wand'res way,  
Wi' eldricht croon.

When twilight did my Grannie summon,  
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!  
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you buminin,

Wi' eerie dronre;

Or, rustling, thro' the bootries comin,  
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae early, windy, winter night,  
The stars shut down wi' scintern light;  
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,

A yont the lough;

Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,

Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my sieve did shake,  
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,  
When wi' an eldritch, stood quick, quaick,

Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,

On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,  
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,  
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,

Wi' wicked speed;

And in kirk yards nenew their leagues,

Owre howkit dead.

Thence, contra wives, wi' toil an' pain;  
May plunge and plunge the kirn in vain;  
For, O! the yellow traefure's taen,

By'witching skill;

An' dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen,

As yell's the bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,  
Gn young guidmen, fond, keen, an' cruele;  
When the best wark lume i' the house,

By cantrip wit,

Is instant made no worth a louse,

When thawes dissolve the snawy hoord,  
An' float the jinglin icy-board,

Then Water-kelpies haunt the foord,  
By your direction,  
An' nighted trav'lers are allured  
To their destruction.

An' oft your moss-traversing spunkies,  
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is;  
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies  
Delude his eyes,  
Till in some miry slugh he suak is,  
Nae mair to rise.

When masons mistack word an' grip,  
In storms an' tempeits raile you up,  
Some cock, or cat, your rage maun stop,  
Or strange to tell !

The youngest brother ye wad whip  
Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne in Eanen's bounie yard,  
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,  
An' all the foul of love they shar'd,  
The raptur'd hour.

Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swain'd,  
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye alud, snick drawing dog !  
Ye came to Paridise incog.,  
An' play'd on man a curled brogue,

Au' gied the infant wairld a shog,  
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,  
Wi' reekit duds, and reastit gizz,  
Ye did present your smoukie phiz,

'Mang better folk,  
An' sklented on the man o' Uzz

Your spitefu' jock ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thral,  
An' brak him out o' houle an' hall,  
While scaps an' botches did him gall,

Wi' bitter claw,

And Ious'd his ill-todgu'd, wicked scaul,  
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehese,  
Your wily shares an' fetchin fierce,  
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,  
Dow to this time,

Wad ding a Lallan tongue or Erse,

In prose o' rhyme.

An' now, auld Clouts, I ken your thinking,  
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,  
Some luckless h'ur will send him linkin,

To your black pit;

But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,

An' cheat you yet.

But, fair you weel, auld Nickie-ben,  
O! wad ye tak a thought o' men!  
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—

Sill hae a slate—

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,

E'en for your sake!

### *THE ANSWER.*

Ye ca' me Satan, Nick, an' Hornie,  
And taunts my house wi' gecks, and stornie,  
But mock nae mair dear Robin Burnie,

Till ye come ben;

Ye'll tread a road that's strait and thornie,

Or ye will ken.

Ye cry auld Hangie, you to hear,  
And damned bodies seem to jeer,  
Am no far aff, ye needna fear,

The very Diel,

And only I for leave maun spier,

Ye soon wad squeel.

Ye lie like me, but dread or shame,  
Its lang, lang since I lost my fame;

It's true, yon lowin heugh's my hame,  
And ay will be ;  
And though ye say, I am not lame,  
That cannot be.

Ye say, am like a muckle dog,  
That makes their living by their prog,  
And faith, I light on mony a hog,  
Within the kirks,  
That makes living foo and noge,  
Like lazy stirks.

Your reverend Grannie, she was wrang,  
When I am alone, I do think lang,  
For well I like a rugat thrang,  
For sake o' glee,  
And monie a' aye about my sang,  
Do tell a lie.

Your Grannie, honest, dou'e body,  
He prayers they were not very studie,  
And o' her head was gray and gidie,  
Or she began ;  
So that if I to fart was ready,

Awa she ran.

Ye say, I gave yoursel' u fley,  
Ae winter night, was cauld and dry ;  
But that's a most confounded ly,

To say I scaur't ye.

I kent you baith by night and day,

Ay since I taur't ye.

I fear ye're hair did tint the pouther,  
When ye were making sic a fluther,  
Wi' your bit stick out o'er your shouther,

My lugs to crack ;

Nae dout but I was dung a throuther,

When I cry'd quake.

The Warlocks or the wither'd Hags,  
I seldom saush throw muirs or craigs ;  
Or making pactions in kirk-yards,

Owr howket urns ;

At weel I like the funie bards,

Like Robin Btrns.

Wae worth the lazy, glutar bitches,

They sup the cream, and wite the witches,

The searchers gather aft-times batches,

A-thorn the country,

That curst Bohea makes empty breaches,

Plague on sic gentry.

When mistick knots abuses graith,

cannot fay its clear o' skaith;

But I am free to take my aith,

To truth ye ken,

Where I gar ane look bleath or leath,

I muster ten.

When thaws bring down the snawie hush,

In jinglin boards o' ice in smash;

While I wait about a flash,

To catch my game,

Yoursel' has watched at a bush,

And done the same.

There trav'lers that rake at night,

On theovles errants slim and flight,

That if a star glance i' the sight,

Down on a pool,

They shite their breeches wi' the fright,

And blant on wile

To say am bribbed with cats or cocks,

When I get out fraeneth the locks,

That it is a cursed paradox,

Right weel ye wat,

They wad be better in the pox,

Ye ken what's that.

It's true in Eaden's bonie yard,

aypl'd the knave a danty card,

And won a game, but was depair'd,

To lift the stakes;

Or else ye ne'er had queen a Bard,

Like other rakes.

In Paradise I play'd a joak,  
 Gart mony ane to pieck and houk,  
 And severall to take the pouk,  
 And some to steal ;  
 Yet some o' them guid offers mock,  
 Yet blam the Diel.

Poor Job, I strip'd him o' his gear,  
 And I muilt his bairns with crush ferere ;  
 But though ye charge me for a liar,  
 Am free to think,  
 While you get routh of rum and beer,  
 Ye'll tine nae jink.

His wæfu' tongue it was not slack,  
 It gaed as gleg as a mill clap ;  
 But yc hae got a way to brake,  
 Sic dinisome rungs,  
 When e're ye get them on their backs,  
 They hr'd their tongues.

My doings a' to write or cry,  
 Since Michael and me had the fry,  
 Your tongues and pens wad a' gang dry,  
 So write or name ;  
 And ye yoursel' do tricks—O fy !  
 I darena name.

Ye swear of in your drukken frake,  
 That ye will gie auld Cluis the glake ;  
 And paund your all just at the sta'e,  
 And made but slight o't,  
 Which if ye tine, ye'll store my lake,  
 And be ill slightet.

If ye thought right o' my auld house,  
 I jude ye waudna crack sae crouse ;  
 There's severall there that was as douse,  
 As you, an' nie,  
 Your counsel is not worth a luce,  
 Nor yet advic

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